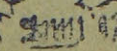


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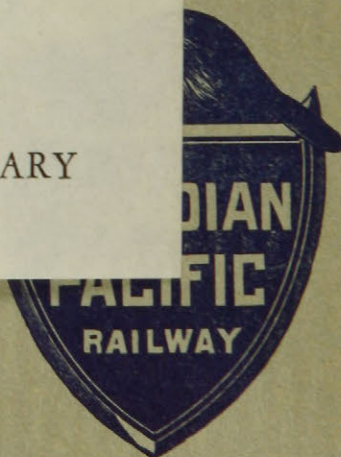
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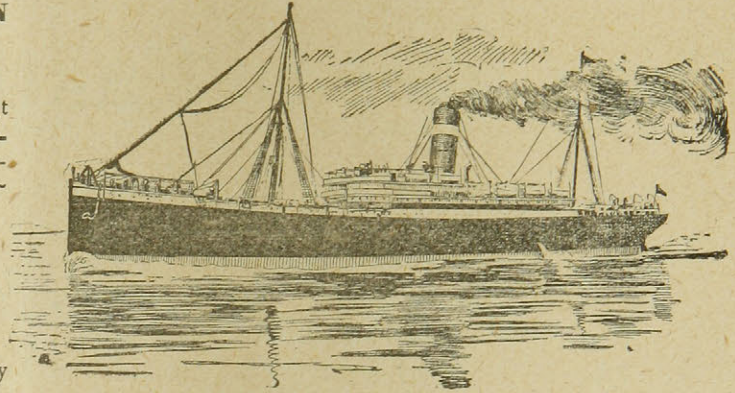
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McGILL OUTLOOK

VOL. III.

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 8, 1900.

No. 3

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Editorial.

Our Chancellor.

The splendid entertainment provided by Lord Strathcona on Thursday, Nov. 1st, once more displayed his princely generosity to McGill, and served to emphasize the feeling of gratitude which we all have towards his Lordship. The formal opening of the Royal Victoria College must come to him as the pleasant realization of a long-cherished desire to make a permanent provision for the higher education of women. The auspices under which the college has entered upon its career are certainly of the most favourable character, and the R.V.C. is undoubtedly destined to exercise a great influence throughout the educational system of Canada. The men of McGill heartily thank his Lordship for the unexpected opportunity of being present on this occasion, and of becoming acquainted with this the latest addition to our University.

We cannot but congratulate his Lordship on the good health which he appears to enjoy, and express the hope that he may long continue to occupy the Chancellor's chair in Old McGill.

The Victory Over Queens'.

On Saturday last our first succeeded in wiping out the recent defeat in Kingston by a most brilliant victory over Queens'. The score of 11-1, decisive as it is, does not really give an accurate idea of McGill's vast superiority in every respect. From the very first scrimmage it was clear that McGill was going to win out, the doubt being merely as to the largeness of the score. Queens' are said to have played just as good football on Saturday as they have ever done; if so, our defeat in Kingston becomes the more inexplicable.

The game was by no means as exciting as the game against 'Varsity; probably the reason is that it looked a sure thing for McGill from the outset, leaving no opportunity for a garrison finish. The play, however, was of remarkable excellence, the scrimmage and forward line work being the cleanest as well as the cleverest which we have seen here this season.

The game which will decide the championship is that of McGill and 'Varsity in Toronto

on the 17th of this month. We would like to see some arrangement made for a cheap excursion whereby a large number of students might travel West to see our team land the Inter-Collegiate.

Howard, Kenny and Mason are happy men these days.

The College Yell.

We publish in another column a letter referring to last week's editorial on the College Yell. Our correspondent is evidently under the impression that we advocate the adoption of the new "Um yah yah" (if we may so call it for lack of a better term) yell, which has been the first outcome of the spirit, some will say of reform, others of vandalism, which aims at the overthrow of the one now in use. If such be the case, we have been misunderstood, the article being merely prompted by the general feeling in McGill that it is time there was some change. On questions such as this, McGill has always shown herself extremely conservative, and there is little doubt, that if the time-honoured M-c-G-i-l-l must go, it will only be after a hard struggle. One thing is certain, and that is—if there is to arise a yell which can rival the old one, it will have to be of surpassing and convincing excellence. Undoubtedly any innovation in this respect is bound to meet with great opposition, not so much from the undergraduates now at McGill as from the graduates who must still have fond recollections of football games in which the old yell has served to cheer our teams on to victory.

In the meantime, pending the arrival of this wonder of the century, there is no reason for the present laxness in the rendering of the "M-c-G.," etc. The yelling on Saturday was pitiful, considering the number of men on the eastern stand, who seemed to suffer from loss of voice or lack of enthusiasm, for neither of which there seemed to be a good and sufficient reason. We would like to see some definite system carried out, as is the case in the American Universities, where a marshal or general

organizer is appointed, together with a sufficient number of assistants to supervise this matter. It is not too late in the season to make a beginning, and the change would be one which our football captain and his men would much appreciate. Who will take the initiative?

The "Gym." No paper at McGill can pass through many issues without the annual plaint about the "Gym." At intervals, more or less far apart, a rumour is circulated that some good friend of McGill has, in the kindness of his heart, taken pity on us, and is making provision for a new "Gym." Unfortunately, the rumour proves unfounded, the "Gym" remains unbuilt, but the question never fades away for one moment from the Undergraduate mind.

There is nothing truer than that the want of a "Gym," which shall be more suitably located than the present one, is felt more severely every year. All our athletic teams are put at a considerable disadvantage, as compared with other Universities, from the lack of proper training quarters. If our men have done as well as they have both in track events and in football, the greatest credit is due them for their energy and perseverance under the present conditions. The dressing room under the west stand, which has to serve the purpose of training quarters for our three football teams, would not do credit to the athletic organization of a small village. And yet a University of McGill's importance, so far in advance of other Canadian Universities in most respects, not only puts up with this state of affairs but does not even make a serious effort at changing it.

The letter published in another column draws attention to the small attendance at the present "Gym," and suggests that the best means of securing a new building is to patronize the old. Certainly after the failures of so many other plans this one might be tried with advantage. The instruction is good, and everything possible is done to make the classes interesting.

Correspondence.

THE COLLEGE YELL.

Editor MCGILL OUTLOOK,

DEAR SIR,

I notice in the last issue of the OUTLOOK an editorial referring to the "um yah! um yah" yell which a few officious individuals have sought to introduce in place of the time-honoured M-c-G-i-l-l, etc. Now I, for one, most heartily agree with you that our present yell is not by any means ideal, but I think it is better to stick to it until we get one which is decidedly better. Such I do not consider the recent importation to be, and I believe the majority of students agree with me in this.

In the first place it is not a good yell—that is, it is not noisy enough, for it requires a rather low pitch to the voice to sound the "U." In the second place it is not distinctively a McGill yell. We have been treated to it on several occasions recently, and it sounds quite as much like a chewing gum ad. as a student yell. The word McGill is not sufficiently prominent. A good yell should work up to the name of the college, whereas, in this case, "McGill" is tucked away in a corner where, sufficient emphasis cannot possibly be given to it. A good yell, in my humble judgment, is like that which has made the Princeton tigers famous:

Rah! Rah! Rah!
Tiger! Tiger! Tiger!
SSS! Boom! Ah!

Princeton!

Of course I don't think it would be advisable to copy their yell at all closely—one likes originality in a good yell, but I do think that, unless the student body authorize the use of a better yell than the one we now have, we had better stick to the old watch-word which has served us so well in the past.

With many thanks for your kind indulgence,

I am, Yours truly,
A STUDENT.

Montreal, Nov, 3rd.

MCGILL GYMNASIUM.

To the Editor MCGILL OUTLOOK,

DEAR SIR.—We are now well into November, and the attendance at the classes in the University Gym. is far smaller than it should be considering the number of students in the University; in fact, it is slightly smaller than at this date last year. The reasons given to account for this are the foot-ball practices, late afternoon lectures, and the Gym. being old and not situated near the College, but, judging by previous years, the attendance has not increased when football was over, and though the building is by no means new it is better than none at all, and besides very few men have late lectures every day to prevent them attending the classes at least once a week.

Here we have two first class instructors, Dr. R. Tait McKenzie, a gold medallist in gymnastics, and Mr. Lyddell, for several years instructor in the M. A. A. Gym. of this city. These gentlemen are willing to do everything in their power to instruct all students who attend the classes, and they therefore deserve our earnest support.

Let us all put forth an effort to attend the classes and thus overcrowd the Gym. so that Dr. McKenzie can then approach the Governors with: "our present gymnasium is not large enough for the number of students that attend it. We must have a larger building, and that right away, and I should advise a new structure near the College, and one that will reflect credit on 'Old McGill.'"

Thanking you for the space,

I remain, Mr. Editor,

Yours sincerely,

G. P. COLE.

Contributions.

THE CAMPING OF BUNCO BENT.

II.

While they were engaged in the connubial conversation above referred to, Mr. and Mrs. Bent were walking toward the centre of the island; they had just reached the top of the hill, and before them stood the cottage; it was this that had caused Mrs. Bent to break off in what bade fair to be the softest sentence of her quotation, for no smoke rose from its chimney, the grass grew thick around the door, and the windows, barred and bolted, showed that no one had been there for many days.

Let us now follow the letter of Mr. Bent. In due

time it had arrived safely at the home of Josiah Johnson—but Mr. Johnson was not there. A few days before, he had gone to an auction sale at Toronto, where "best stock was to be practically given away." When Mr. Johnson got to Toronto, however, he found that the stock was "given away" at a price far too high for his modest income, and he decided to remain and get his stock from some less "fancy" dealer. It is a laudable tradition which exists in most country families that to open a letter addressed to another is a capital crime, so in accordance with its idea of propriety the Johnson family carefully laid the letter in the pudding-dish to await the return of its proper owner; thus, while Mr. Bent was, in sulphurous language, consigning his friend to

punishment, fiery and eternal, Mr. Johnson was placidly pricing Toronto porkers.

For a moment Mr. and Mrs. Bent stood still, petrified with astonishment and disgust. Mr. Bent was the first to break the silence; he began by expressing his opinion of Johnson in a general and candid fashion, but his wife interrupted him. "Don't swear, Bunk," she said. "It's all your own fault." "My fault!" roared Mr. Bent. "I like that; what the Dickens do you mean?" "You probably forgot to post it, same's you did my letter to Minnie." "I tell you I didn't." "Then you addressed it wrong, or he wasn't at home or something." Mr. Bent was cooling off. "Well, it can't be helped," he said. "We'll force our way in and sleep here to-night, then I'll row back in the morning." "But there's no boat." "Oh, the devil!"

"Well, Bunk Bent," said his wife, with sarcastic good humour, "according to appearances you'll have ample opportunity to 'rough it.' How are we going to get off from this island? that's what I'd like to know." "Oh," returned her husband, "we'll hail some boat in the morning and have it take us off."

They managed to remove one of the bars from a window and Mr. Bent climbed in, forced the door and admitted his wife. The couple rummaged the cottage from top to bottom, and this is a list of what they found—

- 2 iron bedsteads
- 1 old sail
- 1 coffee-pot (leaky).

"I hope you're enjoying your roughing, Bunk," remarked his wife. "I told you just how it would be. Next time you'd better wait till you get an answer to your letters. I told you—you needn't blame me for it." "Well, who *is* blaming you?" roared the exasperated Bunk. "Guess 't won't hurt either of us to sleep in our clothes one night, will it?" For the rest of the night there was peace.

Early the next morning Mr. Bent ascended to the cliff that commanded the best view of the lake.

Several boats were bass-fishing on a bar some distance from the island, and he hailed them at the top of his voice. "Hello, there! Hello! Help! Help! We want to get off." In the early morning stillness his voice reached the fishermen, but the words were inaudible—they took it for a morning greeting from some friendly camper-out, shouted back good morning, tied a handkerchief to the end of a pole and waved it, and then, as the fish began to bite sharply, paid no more attention to him. Mr. Bent shouted himself hoarse, and finally, from sheer lack of breath, was obliged to desist. His wife came toward him through the bushes, her alarm showing in her face.

"Can't you make them hear, Bunk?" she asked.

"Confound it, yes," he replied. "They hear all right enough, but they won't come."

"Let me try," suggested his wife, and for five minutes the echoes of the quiet mountain lake were busied with a variety of feminine shrieks and supplications which taxed them to the utmost; but the fishermen, elated by the capture of a large bass, paid no attention, and Mrs. Bent was forced to follow the example of her husband.

"Well, I hope you're satisfied," she said. "I told

you just how 'twould be, but, oh, no! you knew—you always do, and then I have to suffer for it. Just as like as not 'twill be days before anybody comes here, and we'll starve—all because you were so sure you knew everything. We're 'roughing it' now, so I hope you're enjoying it."

Mr. Bent hid his anxiety, assured his wife that he was enjoying it from the bottom of his heart, and expressed his conviction that the steamer that passed in the afternoon would surely hear them and take them off. In the meantime, he thought they had better return to the cottage.

The morning wore slowly and hungrily away, and about noon they again betook themselves to the cliff. At first they saw no sign of the boat, but after a little Mr. Bent noticed a speck far down the lake; it grew, developed smoke-stacks, and in half an hour was a full-fledged steamer. The couple waited in a fever of impatience till it should get abreast, and then set up a prolonged yell, a dismal discordant shriek that startled even themselves. "Help! Help! He-e-el-l-pp. We're sta-r-r-r-ving, starving. Hel-l-lp, help. Hello, there! Hello! Help, come, come. Help!" The people crowded to the edge of the steamer, and, seeing a couple on the island waving a white flag (they had made one out of the sail), thought it was a party of campers saluting them. In an instant all was confusion, everybody got out his or her handkerchief and waved it, the steamer hoisted its flag and gave a shrill toot, and for a few minutes all on board displayed the frantically asinine delight which is usually exhibited on such occasions, when men and women, boys and girls, all alike, display toward total strangers, people they never met, and probably never will meet, an affection and good-will and bubbling benevolence such as they would not think of lavishing on their dearest friends. One would almost think it was the hundredth sheep returning.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" they shouted. "Hip, Hip, Hip Hooray! What's the matter with the 'Mountain Maid' (this was the steamer's name). Three cheers for the 'Mountain Maid.' Hurrah—Hurrah—Hurrah—tiger Hurrah."

"Darn it," roared Mr. Bent, "they don't hear what we're saying—they're cheering, the fools," he added, bitterly, as a faint "Hurrah" came over the water. Then he began a wild, wierd, outrageous pantomime.

"Oh, do look," said a sweet little thing of thirty-five, "he's beckoning us to come in; couldn't we persuade the captain to go just for a few minutes?" An elderly man who had just come up with a glass adjusted it and put it to his eyes. "If that's what you call beckoning," he remarked, "I'd like you to give me an exhibition of a Zanzibar missionary-chowder dance. He acts like a spider with a stomach-ache, poor chap's got the 'D. T.'s,' I guess—wife looks awful worried—gosh! how he's taking on." The sweet little thing said no more about going in, and a severe looking female, whose vertebrae seemed built on the model of a poker, called it a disgrace, and circulated tracts.

As the steamer steadily pursued its way, paying no apparent heed to his gesticulations, Mr. Bent grew more and more excited, and sawed the air more and

more frantically. From time to time Mrs. Bent repeated very loudly this formula :

"We—have—no—boat and no—food. Help us—or—we—shall—DIE;" but all was useless. The steamer dwindled to a speck, and again they were alone.

"I never felt so bad before," moaned Mrs. Bent, "I feel just as if I had a magnet inside me and it was dragging me right in. Bunk we must make a raft."

"Thought of that this morning, but we can't; the bushes aren't big enough, and you can't cut a tree down with a pen-knife."

"Can't we tear the cottage down?"

For two hours they ripped away, but the cottage was impregnable without tools, and tools they had none. Suddenly Mrs. Bent had an idea.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," she said, "we'll burn the cottage down; the people will see the fire and come."

"Have you got a match?"

"No."

"Neither have I; I was going to get them when I went for the fishing-tackle."

Mrs. Bent was almost in tears. "Oh, Bunk, Bunk," she wailed, "we'll starve—starve. I'm so hungry now, that I don't know what to do. Bunk, you must swim ashore."

Mr. Bunk informed his better half, with some sharpness, that no one but a professional could swim a mile in fresh water. He consented, however, to try by wading and swimming to get out to the bar where the boats were. Now, Mr. Bent had ample confidence in himself; he knew just how to swim and just how to float, and he did not see why he should not be able to propel himself through a half mile of water with the greatest ease. He, therefore, divested himself of all superfluous clothing and waded placidly out in the direction of the boats. He splashed quickly through the shallow water, but, as the water got deeper and deeper, he went more and more slowly till the soft oozy mud clung cold and slimy to his ankles at each step, and the water lapped in a hungry sort of way, now on his breast, now up his neck, now chill and clammy on his chin. He stopped to collect himself; reminded himself that the most important thing to remember in swimming is to keep as much of one's person as possible submerged, then, as he felt the ooze slowly creeping up his legs, he turned, aimed himself for the boats, gave his body a mighty heave and began to swim.

Mr. Bent found that he kept his person submerged with unexpected ease; he was just beginning to congratulate himself on the fact when he took his first breath; this consisted not of air but of water, and Mr. Bent experienced that tingling sensation which accompanies the presence of water in the nostrils. At the same time all became dark and he was aware of the fact that his head was under water. He forgot all about swimming and began to struggle violently. He had got beyond his depth, and his situation was precarious in the extreme. Finally, his head came to the surface again and he shouted "help." His wife had been watching his evolutions with considerable interest. She was not quite sure whether he was "showing off" or was really in danger. His agonized face and frantic appeal, however, decided her, and

she made her way through the water faster than one would have thought possible, to where her husband was struggling. "Here! here! Bunk," she cried, "give me your hand." But Mr. Bent was far too much interested in getting his breath to do more than flounder aimlessly in her direction. This, however, sufficed for Mrs. Bent (who was taller than her husband) could, by leaning forward, just reach him. She seized him by one of his revolving arms, and, with considerable difficulty, got him into shallow water.

When the excitement arising from Mr. Bent's narrow escape had partially worn off, the pangs of hunger begun to reassert themselves. Mrs. Bent drank copiously of lake water in the vain hope that the microbes and other minute forms of life contained therein might nourish her. Her husband, however, stoutly refused to imitate her, declaring that he preferred to die "unpolluted by bacteria and wigglers."

Faint from their long fast at an early hour, they tried to forget their hunger in sleep. The sun was just rising when Mr. Bent woke with a start. He had dreamt that he was a big plum pudding, all baked and ready for the table. He had had grave apprehensions about the eating—thought it might hurt—but that was a small thing; what had grieved him most deeply, what had cut him to the heart, was the knowledge that they intended to pour brandy over him. He had expostulated vehemently, stating that, as a temperance pudding, he could not endure such an indignity; that brandy was a poison, and that by his oath to the "Woman Pudding's Temperance Union" he was bound to abhor it. It was of no avail—a horrible drunkard with bleared eyes and a brandy nose approached flask in hand, and, in the extremity of his terror, Mr. Bent awoke. Having nothing else to do, he went out and looked over the lake. The mist that rose from its surface reminded him of various savoury dishes, and made him more hungry than ever. Then a bright idea struck him—the sight of the flat stones on the shore had reminded him of the days when, as a boy, he had turned over such stones to catch the crawfish that were sometimes beneath. Crawfish! of course! they would eat them.

He hurried down, and, after two hours' hard work, climbed back with a broad grin, a tired back and a hat half full of squirming skuttling cannibalistic crawfish. When he got within sight of the cottage he saw Mrs. Bent, sitting disconsolately on a stone near its entrance. "Hurrah! shouted Mr. Bent," "here's a dish fit for a king," and he held up his hat. Mrs. Bent declared that she saw little that was appetizing in the greenish brown bodies and beady eyes of the victims, but she supposed they would have to eat them. "But there's one thing I insist on," she said solemnly "and that is that they're dead before we eat them," you must cut their heads off, Bunk, or I won't touch a one." Now, to any one acquainted with the physical proportions of a crawfish the task of beheading one is beset with peculiar difficulty, for a crawfish seems to be composed of head, tail and claws. Mr. Bent, in despatching the first victim, acted largely on the Darwinian theory—that is he argued—if you cut off about one-sixth

from the upper end of a man you behead him. Therefore, if you cut off one-sixth from the upper end of a crawfish, you behead him, too. This he proceeded to do, and laid the first victim on a clean shingle near by. It promptly skuttled into the grass toward the lake. Mr. Bent, turning around with a second, was thunderstruck by the disappearance of the first, which, as he thought, had given up the ghost. "By the great Horn Spoon," he shouted, "where the dickens has it gone." Then he caught sight of it and started in pursuit, but a backward glance showed him that the rest in the hat were losing no time in following the example of their enterprising companion, and he returned to the ninety and nine that had not yet gone astray. "Hi! there, Charlotte," he shouted, "stop him! stop him!" Mrs. Bent succeeded in reaching the water before the fugitive, and cut off his retreat. She returned with the victim and a reproachful face, "ugh! you brute," she said, "how could you?" "How could I what?" asked the innocent Bent. "Why torture a poor unoffending creature like this?" "I only cut off his head, and you told me to; you know you did." "You didn't. You cut off its nose," and Mrs. Bent held the animal up for her horrified husband's inspection. Then he saw that she had spoken truly; the protruding eyes still remained in the

body and stared at him in a winkless, beady, defiant fashion. No eyes, no head was Mrs. Bent's maxim, therefore a crawfish is one-sixth nose. Mr. Bent was in despair. "What am I to do?" he asked. "If I cut much lower you'll say I'm docking him," and he looked appealingly at his wife. "Cut them in two right in the middle," she commanded. Bent obeyed, and laid the bisected crawfish on the shingle. "What'll you take?" he asked, "upper or lower half?" "I'll watch you eat one first," she responded. He took a piece, and gingerly introduced it to his mouth—there was a gentle crunching sound, a wry pucker about the mouth, then—"you'd better try one," said Mr. Bent. Mrs. Bent unwillingly followed suit, gave one desperate chew, then hurriedly ejected the mouthful, and still more hurriedly sought the lake. Her husband waited until he had despatched the rest, then followed her—"didn't you like it?" he inquired. "It was horrible," she returned, "all soft and squashy inside, I'll not eat a speck more if I starve, there now!" "There's nothing else to eat," said Mr. Bent. "You'd better try another, they're really not so very bad."

It would be tedious to detail the argument that ensued, but Mrs. Bent was finally persuaded to partake of the royal dish on the shingle.

(To be concluded.)

Athletics.

QUEEN'S vs. MCGILL.

The fourth game of the Inter-Collegiate series was played on the campus on Saturday last, McGill and Queens' being the contestants. The result of 11-1 was in the highest degree satisfactory to McGill men, who have never been able to understand why our team was so badly beaten in Kingston some two weeks ago. McGill now heads the league, with 4 points to Queens' 3, and 'Varsity's 1. The match which will decide the championship is that between McGill and 'Varsity, to be played on the 17th of this month in Toronto. At the best, Queens' can only hope for 5 points, whereas McGill, by defeating 'Varsity, can total up 6. On Saturday next Queens' and 'Varsity meet in Kingston, and in the event of Queens' winning, which is generally accepted as certain, 'Varsity will be out of it completely, and Queens' will depend upon McGill being defeated in Toronto to win the championship. On the whole, the chances of McGill are slightly the best, judging from the present standing of the teams, and decidedly the best, judging from the form which the teams have shown.

That McGill should completely out class the men from Kingston came as a distinctly pleasant surprise to the large crowd that watched Saturday's game. Queen's came down with a reputation for the best scrimmage and line work in Canada to day, and much and all as we expected of our men we did not imagine that they would prove so easily superior in this department. Such, however, was the case. The scrim. was stronger and did by far the cleverer work, while our wings were more than match for their

strong and speedy opponents. The back division also did splendid work, and though there was some unfortunate fumbling towards the end, no disastrous results followed owing to the able way in which each man backed up the other. Caldwell, in particular, deserves especial mention for the brilliant manner in which he retrieved several errors by other men which might have proved serious.

For Queen's, Weatherhead, Simpson, Etherington and Young played a splendid game, the rapid following up of these last two wing men being particularly brilliant. Young's run of thirty yards from his own goal line was one of the prettiest plays of the day. It certainly saved Queen's from another touch-down by McGill.

The teams were as follows:

MCGILL.	QUEEN'S.
McNee	Full Back.....Simpson
Caldwell.....	Half Backs.....Clarke
Molson.....	".....Weatherhead
Johnson	".....Walkem
Kenny (Capt.).....	Quarter Back.....
Curran	Scrim.....Paul
O'Brien.....	".....Carr-Harris
Hampson	".....Sheriff
Seifert	Wings.....Devitt
Molson.....	".....Williams
Morse.....	".....Britton
Nagle.....	".....Hill
Graham	".....McDonell
Shillington.....	".....Etherington
Cowan.....	".....Young
Referee—R. Waldie, 'Varsity.	

The first half opened with a series of scrimmages in which McGill steadily gained ground. Queens made a strong rally at their 25-yd. line, but were unable to stop the steady gains which Kenny made. Kenny kept possession of the ball in a wonderful way, and throughout the afternoon played the game of his life. Finally, after a series of mass plays, Kenny got over for a try. Percy Molson's goal from this try was one of the features of the day, as the kick was most difficult, being almost on the touch-line.

McGill, 6; Queens, 0.

McGill again rushed matters, and the play became wholly in Queens' territory. A series of scrimmages took place within a few yards of Queens' goal-line, from which it looked certain that McGill would again score. It was at this point that Young made his brilliant run straight along the touch-line. This relieved the pressure on Queens, but the ball was presently kicked across their dead-ball line.

McGill, 7; Queens, 0.

This ended the scoring for the first-half.

When play was resumed, McGill rushed matters as before, but the play became more open, the half-backs making some splendid runs, particularly Percy Molson. Finally, the ball was kicked over Queens' line. Simpson relieved, but the ball fell into the bends of the McGill wing line, and Curren dropped on it for a try. Molson failed to convert, the kick being an extremely difficult one.

McGill, 11; Queens, 1.

Queens now braced up and played better, but only succeeded in forcing McGill to rouge.

McGill 11; Queens, 1.

Caldwell and McNee saved on several occasions for McGill in brilliant style. The game ended without further score.

Societies.

REPORTS OF THE DELTA SIGMA SOCIETY.

A business meeting of the Delta Sigma Society was held in the Common Room on Thursday, Oct. 11th, at 1 p.m. The resignation of Miss Molson as President was regretfully accepted, for the Society has lost in her a faithful and capable leader; we feel sure, however, that Miss Page, who was unanimously elected to this position, will carry the work on well, and we wish her every success during the year. The other officers elected at this meeting were:

Reporter, Miss Bennett.

Member of Committee, 4th Year, Miss Smith.

" " " 1st " Miss Mackenzie.

The meeting was then adjourned.

The first regular meeting of the Delta Sigma Society was held on Monday, 22nd Oct., at 5 p.m. After the roll call, Miss Page, the President, addressed the members on the work and plans of this Society, welcoming all the new students and undergraduates as members of it.

The constitution and minutes of the last business meeting were read. Miss Lena Reid, B.A., was appointed to represent the Graduates in the Committee. The rest of the time was spent listening to "Stump Speeches," delivered by members of the different Years, on subjects appropriate to their standing in College.

A meeting of the Delta Sigma Society was held in the Common Room on Monday, 29th Oct., at 5 p.m. The subject for this meeting was "Canadian Poets." Miss Bennett read a paper on Archibald Lampman, and Miss Wisdom one on Roberts. Selections from their writings were also read to illustrate their work. The meeting was then adjourned.

Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Fred Gilbert, Yale ('98), travelling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement, addressed the students of McGill in the Y. M. C. A. on Sunday, Nov. 4, on the subject: "Missions as a Life Work." In his address he pointed that missions as a life work do not offer us wealth, fame or ease, but showed that they do give a man the opportunity to put his life where there is the greatest need. As instances of the need of missions he cited the social evils, the greater number of people and the condition of women and children in non-Christian countries. Other reasons he gave for taking up mission work were that they furnished the opportunity for sacrifice, and that the object was a noble one.

There will be the usual Sunday afternoon meeting next Sunday, Nov. 11, at 3 p.m., which will be preceded by a fifteen-minute song practice. Saturday evening social as usual. All are welcome.

UNDERGRADUATES' LITERARY.

Oct. 26, 1900.

Seldom has the old Chemistry Room of the Arts Faculty witnessed such enthusiasm as was displayed there last Friday. The subject of the debate: "Resolved, that the Laurier Government deserves the continued support of the electorate," was one which could not fail to attract a large audience, and we are especially glad to have noticed that Science and Medicine had representatives as well as Arts and Law, and that the Freshmen came in goodly numbers.

Geo. Irving, Arts '02, opened the debate by declaring that a Government should be judged by acts, not words, and he presented to his hearers the

great deeds of the present government: the settlement of the school question, the fusion of the races of Canada, the lowering of the tariff and introduction of preferential trade.

In his reply for the negative, D. S. Moffat, B. A., Law '01, acknowledged the settlement of the school question. The plebiscite, the contingents and Tarte were the special objects of his criticisms.

After answering the charges of the previous speaker, A. Wainwright, B. A., Law '02, dwelt on the question of expenditure; for every dollar spent we have something to show.

R. D. White, Arts '01, second speaker for the negative, brought in the emergency rations, the so-called Yukon and Drummond scandals, the cold storage and Mr. Tarte.

The arguments of the above speaker were, however, well refuted by O. B. McCallum, Arts '04, whose maiden speech created a very favorable impression.

The next three speakers, T. Papineau, Arts '04, C. Cotton, B. A., Law '02, and Fraser Gurd, Arts '04, made additional remarks on the issues already discussed.

Then the leaders summed up, and it is safe to say that each surpassed himself, and both were warmly applauded by either side of the House.

But when the crucial test of deciding which side had won came, only one hand went up against the government.

It would be hard to say whether the debate or the criticism aroused the more interest. The students who heard Dr. LeRossignol will not soon forget his strong personality, his friendship for the Literary, his wise and excellent remarks and the good advice he gave us; and they will await with impatience the next occasion on which they will have the pleasure of listening to him.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

Nov. 2, 1900.

The regular meeting of the Society took place on 2nd Nov., and was well attended. The programme consisted of a reading by W. J. Healy, Arts '03, an extract of the "Idylls of the King," and of an oration by E. Gray, Arts '04, the subject of his oration being "The Spirit of Patriotism." The resolution of the debate read, "Resolved, that the militia should have been authorized by the civic authorities at Valleyfield to act in self-defence." This was interpreted "that the authorities should have read the Riot Act." H. S. Williams, Arts '01, led the affirmative, and was supported by W. Bovey, Arts '03, E. J. Carlyle, Arts '04, J. Archibald, Arts '04, and N. W. Strong, Arts '01. Chas. Ogden, Law '02, was leader of the negative, and was supported by N. N.

Murphy, Arts '02. The meeting decided in favor of the negative, and had the pleasure of listening to a fine criticism by Professor Penhallow. Then the assembly adjourned.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE.

MONTREAL VETERINARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION.

The regular meeting of the Association was held last Thursday in the Library of the College.

There were present a large attendance of members, the First Vice-President, Dr. Sugden occupying the chair. Mr. Manchester reported a case of "*Pallevil*." This was then followed by a few very interesting and instructive remarks by the Hon. President, Prof. D. McEachran.

Mr. Amyrauld then read an essay on "Hygiene." The subject being such a broad one, the essayist endeavoured to deal in a brief way with that part of Hygiene referring to the lowest animals. This was then followed by an animated discussion, in which several very important points were brought out.

The subject of the essay being such an important one, it was resolved to continue the discussion at the next meeting. Mr. Kennedy was then chosen by the chair to prepare an essay for the next meeting on Tuberculosis.

The officers for the ensuing year are:—

Prof. D. McEachran.....	<i>Hon. President</i>
Prof. M. C. Baker.....	<i>President</i>
Dr. B. A. Sugden.....	<i>1st. Vice-President</i>
Dr. Higgins.....	<i>2nd. Vice-President</i>
Mr. Oscar T. Amyrauld.....	<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>
Mr. Tamblyn.....	<i>Librarian</i>

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

The annual opening meeting of the Psychological Society was held last evening in the library of the Society, the chair being occupied by Dr. Mills. The election of officers was the first business, which resulted as follows:—

Prof. D. McEachran.....	<i>Hon. President</i>
Prof. W. Mills.....	<i>President</i>
Prof. M. C. Baker.....	<i>1st Vice-President</i>
Dr. B. A. Sugden.....	<i>2nd. Vice-President</i>
Mr. Oscar T. Amyrauld.....	<i>Sec. Treas.</i>
Mr. W. Manchester.....	<i>Cor. Sec.</i>
Mr. D. S. Tamblyn.....	<i>Librarian</i>

Several new members were then proposed and will be elected at the next meeting, which will be held on November 15. The meeting then closed with a few remarks from the President.



Class Reports.

THE OPENING OF THE ROYAL VICTORIA COLLEGE.

On Thursday evening of last week occurred the most brilliant social function that McGill has as yet experienced, and quite the most elaborate that Montreal has seen for years. The occasion was the opening of the Royal Victoria College, the gift of our noble Chancellor, Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal. Although the building has been occupied for over a year, the Donor had not till a few weeks ago had an opportunity of seeing this product of his generosity, nor had the property been formally handed over to the Governors of McGill.

Early in the week invitations had been issued to all those, both in the city and outside, who were connected with McGill (including the whole Undergraduate body); and the brilliant company that assembled in the College on All Saints' night was thoroughly representative of the intellect and wealth, of the youth and beauty of Montreal. His Excellency the Governor-General, visitor to the University, and Lady Minto were present. By half past nine over 1,500 guests had arrived and thronged the halls. At ten o'clock the vice-regal party and Lord Strathcona (attended by a Guard of Honour composed of Victoria Rifles) appeared, and the receiving began. On the dais in the Assembly Hall were seated His Excellency and Lady Minto and Lord Strathcona, who did the receiving, also Principal and Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. Drummond and Miss Oakeley. While the guests were being presented, music was furnished by the orchestra and the R.V.C. choir, also by Earl Gulick, his Lordship's guest.

Outside, the building was prettily illuminated by innumerable incandescent lights done in the University colours and attractively arranged in the form of the British flag, McGill crest, V. R. and other appropriate emblems. A vast crowd had assembled on Sherbrooke street to witness the unveiling of the statue of our Queen. The veil was lifted at eleven o'clock by the Countess of Minto, to the singing of the National Anthem, Rule Britannia and hearty cheers from the spectators. Within the building was beautifully decorated with palms, crysanthemums and other plants and flowers, which lent the place a very gay and festive appearance. The late acquisition of one hundred reproductions of the great masters in art increased the beauty of the corridors and gave the last touch to the already beautifully furnished College.

Dancing was in progress throughout the evening in the gymnasium, and refreshments were served in the dining-hall. After supper many of the guests withdrew, and then dancing continued in the Assembly Hall. Shortly after two o'clock the proceedings of the evening were brought to a close.

MEDICINE.

FOURTH YEAR.

All the boys in Medicine should be sure and pay up promptly for the memorial tablet. It is an

honour to be privileged to pay for such a lasting and worthy tribute to a classmate's memory. Bert Wiley is member of committee from our Year.

President Taylor, of Medical Society, has programme ready, and it represents much work and thought.

Next week delegates for the Medical dinners will be chosen. Let everybody work for the best man in each case.

Here is hoping that all our classmates have good success with the "sups."

Redon's cake-walk and Reynolds' tragic acting were features of the Kingston trip.

Penner's case report and diagnosis of complex, complicated, compound osteomyelitis and his tooth twisted posteriorly and laterally upon the antero-posterior axis seemed to appeal to Dr. Armstrong's sense of minutiae.

Jimmy Wilson's case report on his laminectomy case is very exhaustive.

"Old Rut" did great jumping at Toronto considering the cold day, and he won his events easily.

Our boys are well pleased with Dr. Keating at Maternity. His consideration for others is truly appreciated.

1904.

The foot-ball team of Medicine '04 is indeed a reality, and as a result of a challenge from Loyola College to a match on the Montreal baseball park for Oct. 31, it can boast of a victory.

Although the Freshmen team at that game did not include all its "star" players, yet enough were present to make it very interesting for Loyola.

At the close of the first half honours were about even, but towards the close of the second, while the four representatives from Medicine were giving violent expression to their enthusiasm, Capt. Bonnin scored a "touch," which he converted into a goal.

These were the only points made during the game, and the team of "'04" was able to leave the field knowing that there was at least one team its inferior.

Sample copies of the OUTLOOK have been sent to all the members of the Freshmen Class. A gentle hint fellows,—subscribe.

We regret to report that Mr. Rankin has been obliged to resign his position as captain of our foot-ball team. His place has been ably filled by Mr. Bonin, whose good management will bring out a team second to none in the coming class matches.

"All things come to those who wait." The men in group four have at last got subjects for dissection.

Why do the "Sophs." persist in interrupting our biology lectures? Is it because they want us to meet a fate similar to what they experienced last year?

ARTS.

1903.

At a meeting of the Undergraduates' Society, held to choose waiters for the banquet to the returning soldiers, Parkins and Dunlop were unanimously elected as representatives from Arts 1903.

An item appeared in the papers the same evening that the banquet was to be a strictly temperance affair. The next day Parkins and Dunlop handed in their resignations.

"And unextinguished laughter shakes the skies."
—English Lib.

"This, this is misery—the last, the worst that man can feel."—Dynamics.

The procession of McGill students last Saturday was very well organized under the efficient direction of Mr. E. R. Parkins.

Mr. Edgar Parkins was much in evidence along the line of march. President Parkins received the returning soldiers, and showed them where to stand. The streets through which the procession passed were very profusely decorated, but undoubtedly the handsomest ornament was our Edgar. Owing to the vigilance and activity of E. R. Parkins, Esq., none of the McGill students got lost.

It's the man behind the crib that does the work!

Philosophy = All my I = P-r k-ns.
Art = All my eye = Gn-t-n-gr.
Religion = All my aye = Tr--p.

An article appeared in last week's OUTLOOK seeking to reflect upon our Class, in which the writer got decidedly beyond his depth.

There are only three conditions under which such an effusion could have been composed:

First—The author may have written it in his sleep.

Second—The author may be naturally batty.

Third—The author may have been under the influence of ginger ale at the time.

1904.

On Monday, Oct. 29th, we met the 4th Year in a friendly and well contested match. During the first half our boys took things a little too easily, and the Senior team, by some clever but rather questionable tricks, managed to score a few points. However, in the next half we put on more steam, and our opponents were just able to keep us, by their superior weight, from getting across the line. They themselves never even managed to get the ball past half field. The 1901 team are justly proud of their hard won victory, and one can hardly blame the innocent pleasure they took in inserting a somewhat exaggerated account of the game in all of Montreal's leading newspapers.

Much credit must be given to Molson, MacDonald, Wright, Locke, Greenshields, Young, Patrick, Monk, Lurd, Thompson, Archibald, Dickinson, Ross and the rest of the team for the very ex-

cellent work they did. We should be delighted if the 4th Year would make bold to play us again. It is a great pity that the Sophmores are such a crowd of baby-hobos. As they now are, it would be worse than useless to challenge them.

Our friend Ch--dl-r is reported to have annoyed many peaceable citizens by his accurate pea-shooting on Halloween night, while several poor little belated children were badly frightened by the awful mask he wore—but some say that he was born that way.

Arts 1904 showed up well in response to Lord Strathcona's invitation.

COMPARATIVE MEDICINE.

We are glad to see all the old faces back again, also very glad to welcome the new ones.

The Freshmen are pluggers this year; they don't seem to be out nights; that is very good, because it usually takes three months before they get properly tamed down!!!

The *Amaba* seems to be the only animal that they despise.

The Second Year men are so busy that they don't find time to attend meetings.

The appointment of Dr. Sugden as Lecturer of Materia Medica has given great satisfaction to all students. At a meeting of the final year the following officers were elected:—

Mr. D. S. Tamblyn..... *President*
Mr. Geo. Kennedy..... *Sec. Tres.*
Mr. Oscar T. Amyrauld..... *Valedictorian.*

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. was addressed on Tuesday afternoon, 23rd Oct., by Mr. Campbell White, who gave an interesting account of his work in Calcutta.

The regular meeting of the Y. W. C. A. was held Wednesday afternoon, when a report of the Northfield conference was given by the delegate, Miss McLaughlan.

LEGAL BRIEFS.

Mr. W. McIvor, B.C.L., our representative with the first contingent, returned on the "Idaho." A recent meeting of the Undergraduates' Society unanimously decided to present him with a suitable souvenir in appreciation of his gallant conduct in South Africa.

Dean Walton will serve the particulars on behalf of the students. Other reliable witnesses will testify to Mac's merits, and will tell him how proud we are of our soldier boy.

Professor—This in substance was the holding in R. vs. Smith. Am I right, Mr.—

Mr. M.—Yes, sir. Quite right.

Professor—Thank you.

Dr. Johnston's lectures at the General Hospital will grow in popularity when the boys who attended last Wednesday tell the others what happened. Was there anything; we didn't see (?)

The Second Year are wide awake. Long before the ambulance appeared at the scene of the street car accident on Sunday last, a Second Year man was busily at work securing actions in damages against the M.S.R. His previous successful practice against the Company will stand him in good stead.

What is ecchymosis? (Roman Law, Bar Exam.)

"Mac" says army biscuits are not so dry as Procedure. This is a question of fact, not of law, and therefore must be left to the jury.

The principal point to remember in dealing with a medico-legal case is to secure the services of a medical man who will do the dirty work in private.

What's the matter with a Law Dinner this year? There was no Faculty dinner last year, and we feel hungry. A committee should be elected before Christmas so that the dinner could come off early in January.

Louis wants to know who "put up the bluff" about the luncheon in the drill shed. He will require an affidavit in support of the motion before he goes into training again.

The Dean says that the man who pronounces his name in six different ways is attending too many lectures. The professors are too wary now to risk a new pronunciation; they mark him present every time.

The Editor requests those gentlemen who have corrections or suggestions to make in connection with these brief Briefs to reduce them to writing and serve duly certified copies on the Reporter, so that they may be published (the corrections—not the gentlemen).

SCIENCE.

1901.

The Miners regret the loss of three of their number, Messrs. Blue, Burchell and Reynolds. Mr. Burchell and Mr. Reynolds intend visiting some mines in Montana, while Mr. Blue will assist his brother in a gold mine in Virginia. We wish them all success.

A word should be said of the non-attendance of the Lower Class men at the Undergraduate meetings. They are very conspicuous by their absence. I think it would be well if the President of each Year spoke to his Class men about attending meetings better, and also if notices were posted in the three Science buildings.

1902.

A shade of sadness was thrown over the reunion of the Class of '02 by the death of one of its members, Mr. S. C. Hutchings, which occurred last summer. Mr. Hutchings was well known by every man in the Class and was respected and liked by all who knew him.

The news of his untimely death, in the midst of a promising College career, filled all his classmates and acquaintances with deeply felt sorrow. The Class extends its sympathy to his parents, to whom the bereavement is peculiarly sad, the deceased not having been home since he came to McGill, two years ago.

1903.

New books,—“How to enjoy rowing a boat.” By the chief character in “Pierre and his People.”

Wanted,—By the Surveying class, a key to the working of the desks in the Dean's lecture room.

One would hardly have thought that it was necessary even in the Faculty of Arts to have a notice posted that it was not a fancy dress carnival to which Lord Strathcona had invited us on Thursday evening. But who but an Arts' Freshie would have presented himself in a suit of a check that would rival for noise the bass-drum, sing-sing shirt and red tie and as a compliment to the College an immense bunch of McGill ribbon in his button-hole.

This year has to thank Lord Strathcona for a most enjoyable evening on Nov. 1st. He has furthermore opened a part of the College but little known to most of us. But, by the way, some of the fellows have been hustling East along Sherbrooke since Thursday; they intend to be better acquainted with the members of that Faculty, and are also making up for lost time.

We now understand why the marks of the Summer reading exam. have not been posted before now. The scribe of the Freshies claims that the attention of the whole Faculty has been directed to the infants in the Nursery. Doubtless they needed it to set their little feet in the straight and narrow track. But if as he states they stand in such close touch with the powers that be, why did the poor Freshies not consult their guardians, the Governors of the College, or even some “newsy,” before they sprung that class banner on the world. It is surmised that the Martins have been ranged along the top to commemorate the way the shining lights of Science '04 went over the brink from the Physics' building one after another. The black lettering probably reminds them also of their condition when they returned from the ash courts. Why this attempt to rival Joseph's coat? Were not the red and white of old McGill good enough for this wonderful year, and the rear guards that we left in the Nursery reports that the infants in the Nursery are a pretty decent lot of fellows. Queer, isn't it?

Would Science '04 kindly take notice that the Board of Governors have applied for a copyright on the yell of Medicine 1903. They think it advisable to discourage any more such outbursts.

The Dramatic Critic has registered a kick against the character of the play we attended on Theatre night. He claims that lending our patronage to such a play is not in keeping with the traditions of Old McGill. It is probably too much to expect the students to put on the play themselves.

Our old Theatre night song, “My Angeline,” has now no charm for one member of the year. For

him it calls up no tender memories, no remembrance of peaceful scenes, of quiet hours, not since Angelina "trun" him down in the rotunda of the Carillon hotel.

The authorities at the R.V.C. have advertised for several lost articles. The pan that was trundled along the lower hall might be useful in his trade to a Senior Miner. The youth who appropriated the gym. suit may feel small enough to use it by the time we get a new gym. of our own. The signs in the corridors were rather tempting, and one Freshie who would very much like to call at the R.V.C. now, on account of a guilty conscience, imagines he sees the legend "closed" loom up before him.

1904.

A most unfortunate misunderstanding on Thursday morning was the cause of great distress to our dear young friends of the Second Year. A rumour had reached the conscience-smitten reporter of that class that his pernicious falsification concerning the hustle was to be followed by a repetition of the terrible punishment the Sophies received on that memorable occasion. Intense consternation was the result. Several men suddenly decided that they must go home and study for Exhibition exams. Their versatile and talkative class president went down promptly and secured lodgings under a bench in the cab office. The class foot-ball luminary

decided to leave Science, and went somewhat hastily to register in the Wesleyan College. The British Columbia lacrosse man got safely on the roof of the Physics' building to make meteorological observations. The Exhibition man from London disappeared over the mountain. The lieutenant hunted for a shot gun and finally sent for the police. The remainder of the class huddled in the Physics' theatre, shivering and terrified. Strong men clasped each other's hands in tearful farewell, making no effort to restrain the tears that came.

And all this time our men were peacefully at work, never thinking of bullying the little chaps of '03, knowing quite well that the trundling we gave them when they tried to hustle us would be sufficient to make them behave for the next four years.

PIN POINTS.

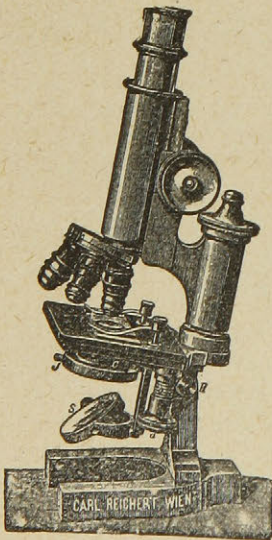
(If placed upon some professor's chairs would make them stand up at lectures.)

Don. and Mac. seem to have enjoyed themselves at the reception the other night.

Ch--l-e must have a grudge against D-P--t-r.

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WHAT THE NEW YORK "WORLD" SAYS OF THE AMERICAN FOOTBALL MATCHES OF LAST SATURDAY.

There is weeping and wailing at Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania while the hearts of the undergraduates at Harvard and Cornell are joyful even though their heads may ache and their throats refuse to perform the usual functions.

Harvard's victory was a surprise and Princeton's defeat was a shock. Just what they think at the different colleges can be read below:

HARVARD IS RELIEVED.

Harvard's lucky seventeen is becoming a motto at Harvard. Harvard's famous victory over Yale in '98 was by this score, and Harvard defeated Carlisle and Pennsylvania by the same score.

There is relief, but little joy, in Cambridge to-day. Before the game Harvard expected a defeat, but was keyed to a terrific battle. The storm which was let loose on Pennsylvania in the first half won the day. Harvard had said, never mind if Pennsylvania does beat us, Yale is what we are after, but still a Pennsylvania defeat would mean a blot on the record, even if Yale fell.

But Harvard defeated Pennsylvania and Harvard is relieved. The team is in good shape. There will be no work to-morrow, and then the men will begin on the Yale game, barring the one remaining game with Brown next Saturday. Every man is in good condition, save Sawin and Ellis. Hallowell, Campbell, Kendall and the above named pair left the game. The ends

looked out of condition. The idea is that they have not been brought to the highest pitch yet, and MacMasters did not expect a perfect lot of men. Ellis received a bad kick or two, and is on crutches, and so is Sawin, but a few days will fix them. Kendall and Daly played a good game in spite of lame arms. Both are better to-day and will be ready for Harvard's last lap.

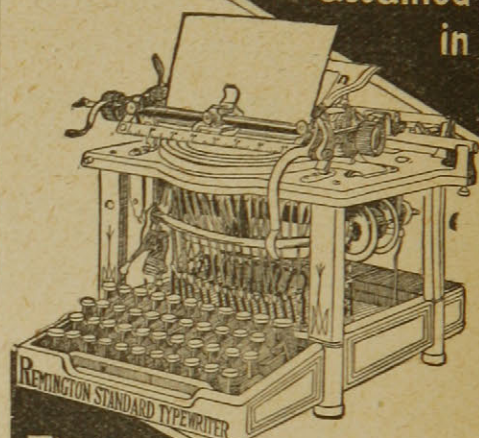
THE TIGERS HOWL.

Princeton, N.J., Nov. 4.—The sting of yesterday's defeat has not lessened during the hours that have intervened since Cornell administered the severe drubbing to Princeton's eleven. Indeed, the more the situation is discussed by the students the worse and more discouraging it appears. The question is, What will be the outcome of the game with Columbia, when Cornell could handle the Tigers so easily. Everybody expects a few changes in the personnel of the team when it meets Columbia on Tuesday.

Certain of the Tiger players did such notoriously poor work that prudence would suggest a change. Meier probably will be substituted for Duncan at quarter and possibly a change may be made at one end of the line. Duncan's playing yesterday cannot be accounted for. He is an unusually steady and consistent player, yet in Saturday's game he seemed incapable of holding the ball and oftentimes let opportunities go by while he stood and looked on in a dazed manner.

Meier, who replaced him in the second half, played a better game and probably will supplant Duncan in the Columbia contest.

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Garry Cochran, end rush and captain of the '97 team, is expected to be here most of the week to coach the ends into shape. This week probably will witness a flocking together of alumni of football fame from the four winds, to offer their services in coaching the Tigers into shape by Nov. 17.

A WHOOP FROM CORNELL.

Ithaca, N.Y., Nov. 4.—The Cornell team was given a grand ovation on their arrival here this morning. About 500 students were at the train, and all the men who returned were loded on an open float and drawn to the

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Ithaca hotel. The Ithaca band led the procession, playing "Alma Mater."

Coach Haughton, who returned to Cambridge Saturday night, was not with them. Cross, Purcell, Whitney, Lueder and Dorner remained over until election day. Last night's celebration on the campus surpassed any previous event of its kind. The entire university turned out, cannon were stolen from the armory, bonfires blazed, and the cannon stolen from the armory roared until midnight. Five or six professors addressed the students. The players corrected the report that Finucane played at quarter-back against Princeton. Brewster filled his position throughout the game, and his work was almost marvellous. He is a freshman, and promises to make Cornell the strongest quarter-back she has ever had, not excepting Wykoff or Charlie or George Young. He is as steady as a clock and has the nerve of a lion.

Two decisive and successive victories over Princeton are far more than the Ithacans expected. It may result that Cornell will be unable to have another contest with the Tigers, however, if the statement of an old Princeton football graduate represents the general sentiment at Princeton. After the contest last night one of them told a prominent Cornell undergraduate that Princeton would drop the Ithacans after this year because the Cornell game was too hard a proposition for the Tigers to tackle in mid-season.

DESPAIR AT YALE.

New Haven, Conn., Nov. 4.—Yale's football coaches are in despair because they are still unable to get

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hold of a coach for the end rushers. John Hall, the only former end who has been here, remained only two days. The ends are ragged. To-day some emergency telegrams were sent to ex-Capt. Frank Hinkey, urgently requesting him to come at once. Yale coaches don't know whether Hinkey is coming. They have not had any answer yet to the messages they have sent him ever since the candidates reported two months ago.

Trainer Mike Murphy said to-night

that, although six men are now on the hospital list, every player will be in his place in top-notch condition next Saturday. Nobody except Jim Hyde was injured yesterday at West Point. He received a painful muscle bruise. Olcott's eye is still closed by blood poisoning, but he will play by Wednesday.

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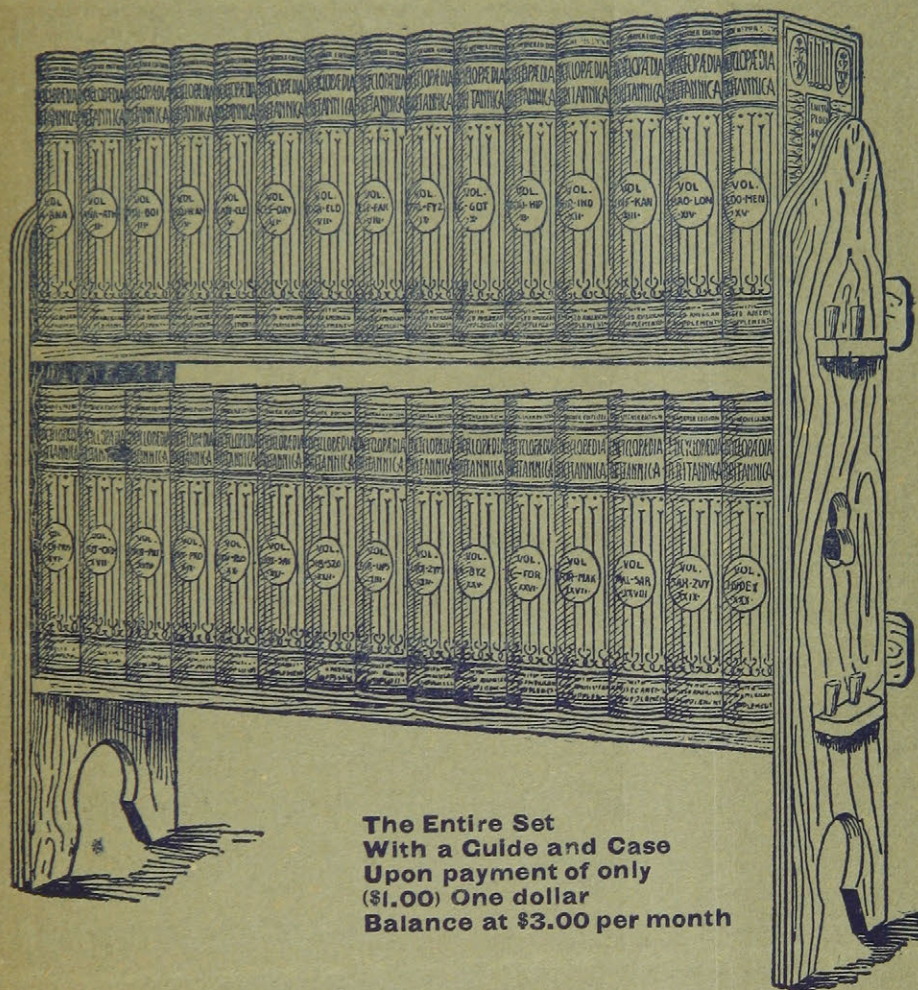
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